

Bishop Seaman would care to go into polygamy, but some of the others might. There is Father Kieley who has never sown any wild oats, but who knows?

But behind the whole business, why did Judge King make this phenomenal fight which so awakened the admiration of Judge Powers? We are frequently assured by the Deseret News that polygamy is as dead as Julius Caesar in Utah. That it is a slander upon a long-persecuted people to charge that the church any longer sanctions it. The fact is that the original revelation in all its nastiness is still a command in the holy books, while the Woodruff manifesto is expunged from them all, but this is probably—if you don't care what you say—an oversight. If this is true, why did Judge King make his fight and hold that it was calculated to wound the sensibilities of good Saints? One would think he would have welcomed it, just to show that Utah was in the front rank of the coldly virtuous. We wonder if Judge Powers did not help him by whispering to the convention that the Saints are grateful for dangers averted and that Utah has three electoral votes? The Judge should give another interview, for he may be entitled to more credit than he claims.

A Department of Mining.

Both national conventions recommended that mining should be recognized and have a Department in Washington as agriculture has. We suspect there was not one delegate in ten in either convention who gave the matter a thought except that it might prove a sop for voters. But were the Department established and placed in charge of a man as well-fitted to handle it as Secretary Wilson is fitted to direct the agricultural department, the result would be as striking as it has been in the Agricultural Department. Possibly very much more. When we see what one man, Edward Goodrich Acheson has done with simple clay, coal and electric heat, one wonders instinctively of the possibilities that slumber in the simple materials that make up the earth's structure and what combinations may be wrought with them. With mixed clay and pulverized coal fused by intense electric heat he produced crystals which looked like diamond dust, which would cut glass as surely as the diamond and which at first jewelers were glad to pay \$45 per ounce for. He has added many other combinations and last year the Acheson graphite products reached 6,806,110 pounds, worth \$492,021. The materials used are of little value in their native state, but under the hands of the wizard, at trifling cost, they become much sought for articles of commerce. He is exploring but one field. Beyond is the universe waiting for more wizards. Mr. Wilson is proud of having introduced new fruits and grasses, and of putting in operation new modes of culture which will add to the food product of farms and orchards, and he has been of more benefit to his countrymen than a thousand times the salary that he draws. Moreover, he has exalted the work of the farmer and horticulturalist into the realm of glorified science. Mr. Acheson has wrought greater triumphs and if mining could have a department where such men as he could have the world for a field to work in, and have their achievements recorded, the result would add immensely to the dignity of their work and draw the eyes of the nation to their work and bring new investigators to their help.

Again it must not be forgotten that the world's advancement has come not from agriculture, but from the metals and minerals of the earth. Think what it must have been to mankind when the use of iron first came to men. That first rude Vulcan in some primitive way melted the metal. Perhaps a lightning stroke on some cliff gave him the idea, and so by slow steps copper and lead and gold and silver were finally wrought into form and then progress began. Still there was more hidden than was revealed. But within the

past forty years, since men began to fathom a few of the marvels of electricity the field has greatly broadened, and the work it performs compared with the fires which men were able to produce of old is as the lightning's flash compared to the old fashioned candle. Mr. Acheson considering that the lump of coal is but carbon and that the diamond is likewise carbon, began at first to wonder if some new combinations might not be accomplished with that substance which is fed to furnaces, and which also blazes on the breast of beauty. Then he began his experiments and now the power of Niagara has been invoked to supply him with the fires which he needs. That is one man working on one of nature's elements. Can anyone imagine what wonderful secrets Nature has still in store for ardent scientific workers? And a mining department will add immensely to the possibilities which are awaiting the seekers. And every discovery is a reminder of the power, the wisdom and the beneficence of the Creator and what was meant when he placed man on this sphere, so filled with resources, and gave him the promise that he should have dominion over it all.

As of Old, So Now.

History is prone to repeat itself. The account tells how an angel appeared to Mohammed and told him he was a prophet. To this he replied, "I am a man untaught." But the angel told him to "cry" and repeated:

"Cry by the most beneficent Allah,
Who taught the pen to write,
Who taught men when he knew not!
Verily, verily, man is rebellious;
Is insolent, because he groweth in riches.
Truly unto Allah is the return of all,
What of him who holdeth back, etc."

But Mohammed was still in doubt. He was not at all certain that he could be a preacher, and in his perplexity he "again sought the weird mountain intent upon self destruction" (so the account runs), and sad wrapped in a rug, when the angel again appeared and said:

"O thou that are covered!
Arise and preach,
And magnify Allah!
Purify thy garments,
And shun abominations!
Grant not favors for increase;
Wait patiently for Allah.
When the trumpet shall blow there shall be distress for Misbelievers."

Then with him, "Thus saith Allah" became a slogan. He was going out against the pagans. His country was full of idols, most of those around him were semi-barbarians, but he went out to preach. As a preacher he was not a success, and he drew few to him. At last his enemies rose up and caused him to flee for safety. In modern parlance "he was playing out of luck," until he determined to fight and offered to all who should join his standard forgiveness of sins and a Paradise at last filled with Houris. Then he triumphed. He had to mix sexual promises with his creed before he could get followers, and then it was easy sailing. He died at last in the arms of a concubine.

Is there any doubt where Joseph Smith obtained his inspiration? There is much more of the Koran than the bible in his creed. The men who succeeded him understood this and that accounts for the act of Brigham Young, when surrounded by the wilderness, and when the people were having a hard time, in proclaiming polygamy as a tenet of the Mormon faith. And does it not account for the further fact that the Woodruff manifesto is not found in any of the holy books of the creed, but the original fearful revelation is found in full force in them? We see now after the man who founded that creed has

been dead for twelve hundred years, the furious followers of that creed dashing up against French cannon and magazine guns in Morocco, reckless of death, for does not the promise hold good? Are not the Houris waiting for them beyond the rose-doors of Paradise? The nations that accept that faith never became civilized, but they cling to their creed. Does not history repeat itself?

It Was a Mistake.

The councilmen who recommended His Honor the Mayor to appoint Mr. Devine Chief of the Fire Department, made a mistake. His Honor made a mistake when he nominated him for the place. The very clearest proof of this is the attitude of the Deseret News and its West Temple echo. When did either of those sheets ever before find in Mayor Bransford a man who they felt every day like praising? Would they praise and seek to cajole him now, except through the hope that they might demoralize the party to which the mayor belongs? Imagine the case turned around. Imagine Mr. Morris mayor again and then imagine him appointing, say Ben Heywood chief of the fire department. Would the News and its echo approve? Would Mr. Fernstrom sustain him in the council? Would either the so-called Republican or Democratic partisans be satisfied?

Would there not be protests from every source? And imagine him confirmed and though he might confine himself strictly to the duties of the department would not the Herald, the News and its echo every morning declare that there was a perfectly beaten path between the fire station and the headquarters of the American party? Would it not be declared that the fire chief was a most pronounced American, so much so that he would favor the party that held his faith? All men make mistakes. When they do and the fact is proved to them the honorable thing is to correct the mistake. When the News recommends anything that there is doubt about, then the thing to do is to copper the recommendation.

How long since the News grew to think non-partisanship was the true theory on which cities should be governed? It had its say here for forty years when the church was in full rule of this city. How many Gentiles did the News, during those years, recommend for councilmen or firemen, or policemen, or school teachers, or for any other position? Can it recall any Gentile that held any office in those days? Did it charge any stealing by officers in those days? Did it ever assume and charge that officers might naturally be honest, but could not help but obey the orders of those behind them. Was there ever such a dastard and bastard among journals as is the Deseret News?

The Democratic Patron Saint.

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